Hot. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.
La. Go, ye giddy goose.
The musicke Playes.
Hot. Now I perceiue the diuell vnderstands *Welsh*,
And t'is no marueil he is so humorous,
By'lady he is a good musition.
La. Then would you be nothing but musicall,
For you are altogether gouerned by humors:
Lie still ye thiefe, and heare the *Lady* sing in *Welsh*.
Hot. I had rather heare *Lady*, my brach howle in *Irish*.
La. Would'st haue thy head broken?
Hot. No.
La. Then be still.
Hot. Neither, t'is a womans fault.
La. Now God helpe thee.
Hot. To the *Welsh* Ladies bed.
La. What's that?
Hot. Peace, she sings.
Here the Lady sings a Welsh song.
Hot. Come, Ile haue your song too.
La. No: mine in good sooth.
Hot. Not yours in good sooth? Hart you sweare like a comfitmakers wife, not you in good sooth, and as true as I liue, and as God shall mend me, and as sure as day:
And giuest such sarcenet surety for thy othes,
As if thou neuer walkst further then Finsburie:
Sweare me *Kate*, like a *Lady* as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leaue in sooth,
And such protest of pepper ginger-bread,
To veluet gards, and Sunday-Citizens.
Come, sing.
La. I will not sing.
Hot. T'is the next way to turne tayler, or be red-brest teacher; and the indentures be drawne, Ile away within these 2. houres, and so come in when ye will. *Exit.*
Glen. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are slow,
As *Hot* Lord *Percy* is on fire to go.

By

By this our Booke is drawne, weele but seale,
And then to Horse immediatly.
Mor. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*
Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and other.
King. Lords, giue vs leaue, the *Prince of Wales* and I,
Must haue some priuate conference, but be neere at hand,
For we shall presently haue need of you. *Exeunt Lord.*
I know not whether God will haue it so,
For some displeasing seruice I haue done,
That in his secret doome, out of my blood,
Hee'le breed reuengement and a scourge for me:
But thou dost in the passages of life,
Make me beleeue, that thou art onely mark'd
For the hot vengeance, and the rod of heauen,
To punish my mistreadinges. Tell me else
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude societie,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatnes of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy Princely heart?
Prin. So please your Maiestie, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,
As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge
My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many tales deuisde,
Which oft the eare of greatnes needes must heare
By smiling Pick-thankes, and base newes-mongers,
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular
Finde pardon on my true submission.
King. God pardon thee; yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy affections, which doe hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors:
Thy place in Counsell thou hast rudely left,
Which by thy younger Brother is supplide;
And art almost an alien to the hearts